MASTERLY STORIES OF AMERICAN RANCH LIFE: By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS Author of the Famous RED SAUNDERS TAKE

THE history of how my friend, Mr. Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs, entered the detective profession begins with a check.

Mr. John George Hazelton had a ranch about thirty miles out of town. For the evening of a certain day he had an engagement in town with a very charming lady. Now, owing to divers events on the ranch, including the injury of a valuable horse. Hazelthe injury of a valuable horse, Hazelton was unable to keep his appoint-ment. When he hunted for a piece of paper to inscribe a billet-doux to his friend, he found wrapping paper, soiled with bacon grease; newspaper, some tar paper; but nothing fitted rpose of writing, except a blank check from his check book. There were no neighbors, so Hazel-ton used the back of the blank check.

Then he called unto him one Billy Inen he called unto him one Billy he said. "This is the most cussed Jones, able-bodied cow-punch, and said to him: "Bill, I want you to do at the county's expense.

"Poor old Bill wasn't goin' for to rob nobody, Hazelton owed him the diplomacy, he added: "Have a few drinks at my expense, Bill, but deliver this note first."

Mr. Scraggs put his hand to his

liver this note first."

Billy went to town, called at the lady's house and found her not at home. He sat on the front stoop and waited and waited. A great thirst came upon William. Huge schoon-round like that is what makes you dizzy at times."

Mr. Scraggs put his hand to his head, and sighed heavily.

"Ah!" said he, "'tis love—'tis love that makes the world go 'round! And," he added, "the world goin' round like that is what makes you waited and waited. A great thirst came upon William. Huge schooners of beer, icy cold, foam capped, delicious, floated before his mind's "Well, never mind that," said the sheriff with some impatience. "Will eye; close hauled on the sta'bbud At last, these visions were too much for him.

"That goldurn woman don't know where her own house is. I'll just have one little drink of beer and come back and give her that note,"

William went and had that one eu as though it had been spilled in there ain't a single reason why old the sands of a desert. So Billy set bell Jones should be used harsh."

'em up for the house again.

Shortly after this there are the same time.

Mr. Scraggs looked at his house again.

Shortly after this, the house began to set 'em up for Billy.

It got to be 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all in a minute, and, in the meantime, William had gotten under the influence of liquor. Also, his was a had even out.

Mr. Scraggs looked at him sauly again.

"Do I have to wear a b'iled shirt?" he said.

"No," exploded the sheriff. "You don't have to wear any shirt unless you want to."

Mr. Scraggs looked at him sauly again.

"Do I have to wear any shirt unless you want to."

"That feller Hazelton," he said to the barkeeper, "he owes me three months' pay. He's a good feller, Jack Hazelton, but I dunno how I'm goin' to get any money out of him, and he out on the ranch!"

By some association of ideas he

some association of ideas, he

It shocked the paying teller's sense of order. He knew Bill Jones, and he knew that Bill Jones was incapable of crime, but he also knew that

What happened after I shall give

look at the indorsement.

What met his eye gave him pause, to Mr.

produced a \$5 bill. "Will five be enough, Mr. Jones?"

he asked. Billy, always willing to meet you thing you know!"

coughed Billy. "Well, here you are," said the paying teller, and handed him the \$5

On William's departure, the payresounded with noises of unseemly

The president wiped his eyes, and handed the paying teller a dollar, to reimburse him for expenses in the joke. The rest came forward with along that that feller him. The president wiped his eyes, and handed the paying teller a dollar, to reimburse him for expenses in the joke. The rest came forward with their assessments, and they all agreed that they would have plenty hu-husky, where you drivin at?" He him ashore. He didn't worrit a great that the president with two bow legs and a lind Bill Jones. He was lost in the shuffle, and when it came time for my Wild West Show friend to go ashore it weren't to be done. Noth-their assessments, and they all and so I hollers at him, "Hello, old ling short of artillery could have got hu-husky, where you drivin at?" He him ashore. He didn't worrit a great came to town.

I am not saying that it was a real gentlemanly thing to do-to read this private correspondence of Mr. Hazelton's to some lady who had Hazelton's to some lady who had better remain unknown. I am mere-Well, when Hazelton came to town

came detached state custom of Dakota.

He laid his complaint before the authorities, who were to arrest and prosecute one Bill Jones for the crime of forgery. Then the others him out of it, but Haz
The little old feller, he bites a bit to to be a bit be a bit to be a

was as strong upon him as ever. The sheriff had an idea. He walk-

ed up and put a hand upon the shoul-der of Mr. Scraggs. "Zeke," said he, "do you want to go chasin' a feller?"

Mr. Scraggs turned his sorrow-laden eyes upon him, removed his corncob pipe and spoke. "How fast kin he run?" said Mr.

Scraggs. "Oh, this ain't no foot race," said the deceived sheriff. "This feller has skipped out by train."

He then retailed the history of the check and William Jones.
"How fur d'yer suppose I got to go ramblin' after this cuss?" said Scraggs.

The sheriff suddenly raged again.
"I dunno, and I don't give a damn!"
e said. "This is the most cussed he said.

sheriff with some impatience. "Will you hustle after Billy? I want somebody that'll use him kind and right when they get him, but that sure will get him. Nobody is goin' to make a bobtail monkey of the sheriff's office while I am in the office. If they swear out a warrant against a cock eyed grasshopper I'll come back with

placer-mined and quartz-mined. I have dealt faro and stud poker, and

By some association of ideas, he put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out the check. By this time he was defiant of pleasant customs.

"What's a woman, anyhow?" said Billy. "I need the money. Gimme a pen and ink."

Whereat he filled out that check in a handwriting much exaggerated by alcohol. The check said that the First National Bank was to pay to the order of Bill Jones \$10, and at the bottom was a shameless and blatant forgery of the name of John George Hazelton.

When the paying teller of the bank took the check he looked at it in astonishment, bordering on horror. It shocked the paying teller's sense of order. He knew Bill Jones, and I have spun the little wheel. I have fought Injuns, and they have fought linjuns, and they have fought

never—no, never, under any circum-in Mr. Scraggs' own words. He told stances, would the highly proper Mr. me this as we sat on the wagon bridge Hazelton ever sign his name in such a fashion.

He was about to speak rudely to little argument we had about the Bill Jones, when (as is the custom strangeness of things—how you start with paying tellers), through force of out to do one thing and it ends by habit, he turned the check over to being something totally different. Here is what happened, according

Scraggs: as the old books say. A sort of slow smile sparkled like a streamlet in the whiskers of the paying teller.

He dove down into his own pocket once, but the boys had warned him almost at once, but the boys had warned him almost at once, but the boys had warned him almost at once, but the boys had warned him not to stay, so he pulled East. A as a cyclone in Dead Man's Gulch probably gone to Boston. You see, for to draw the crowd in. Arter I they was havin' the G. A. R. reunion, they was havin' the G. A. R. reunion, they was havin' the G. A. R. reunion, pranced some, shot potatoes in the pranced some, shot potatoes in the heels to look at you. fifty-fifty, in pleasure or in war, grab-bed the railing and made a generous but intoxicated gesture of assent. | like a brass band, and Bill was sure like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure | like a brass band, and Bill was sure like a brass band, and band like a brass band, and band like a like a brass band, and Bill was sure to be on the corner with his mouth and eyes wide open. So I gets me a round-trip ticket from St. Paul to Boston, for \$25. "And now," I says, "here's where I travel in the chu-chu cars some more," and I just had a pleasant time of it, sittin' in fine, cost-ly parlor ears, and the like of that."

Self in true Wild West style; drawin' says, "Boy, fo' drinks 'of whisky, of whisky, please," and shoves through a \$5 bill. The tour drinks of whisky come out, but, painful to relate, there didn't come no change. The Kernel, he and a fandango on the slack wire. This was just a free spirit. We beat thing like of that thing like of that. on william's departure, the paying teller called in a loud voice for
the cashier, for the president, for
the bookkeepers, and for two directors, and he read the note on the
back of the check aloud and the bank
Boston I had a turble time finding
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Boston I had a turble time findi I meets up with a little dried-up old shrimp with two bow legs and a find Bill Jones. He was lost in the change."

fun with Hazelton when next he turned around and his little face was me to town.

I am not saving that it was a real me.

hu-husky, where you given a deal, because already we got the notion there was goin to be a lively time on that boat. He was one of

me.
"I don't know where you be from, pardner," he says, "but I just am

glad to see you."
Then we has a talk and I disco ers he's the proprietor of a Wild West show. It is him, and two othwest snow. It is snow they had plenty of fun with him, and er fellers, and a nigger, and four old for once, John George parted with cow ponies, and a tent. His business his sense of humor. The madder he ain't very good and he gets kinder. This Wild West person's name was

his sense of humor. The madder he got the more they plagued him, until he reached a point where he became detached from every rule and custom of Dakota.

He laid his complaint before the sometime wrong sometime because the probabilities who were to arrest and the sometime wrong sometime because the probabilities who were to arrest and the sometime wrong sometime because the probabilities who were to arrest and the sometime wrong sometime because the probabilities who were to arrest and the sometime work and a tent. His business cow ponies, and a tent. His business cow ponies and the gets kinder where the policy cow ponies and the gets kinder where the policy cow ponies and the gets kinder where the policy cow ponies are the policy cow ponies and the gets kinder where the policy cow ponies are the policy cow ponies are the policy cow ponies are the po

Then the others off his tobacco plug. fund, handed it "I don't know just whether his

chipped in, raised a fund, handed it to Billy Jones, and told him to leave the country at once, and swiftly.

So, Bill Jones, as a person should in a detective story, pulled out for "Bill ain't a bad sort at all," I would shout: "These are the boys

E. G. W. Scraggs, Sleuth

Cap'n and me heard that night.

Here, was a tall old geezer, with a sorter rag carpet set of whiskers, telling a bunch:

"T see to Sherman, see I, General, than ain't no mo' use in pressin' ole Bob Lee thissawy. What we want to do is to get to' regiments o' cavairy, ten regiments of cavairy, and three parks of artillery, and three parks of artillery, and there parks of artillery, and there parks of artillery, and the early in a sort the cap'n says to ma, something to make you tear your shirt. I never laughed so much before for a given time nall my life. They was real funny monkeys—nothing harmful. Finally though, the cap'n says to ma, willier, and want to exist a fank movement that vill setch him about the middle rear and desecrate him into two parts, and then, we can just naturally lam the tar out of him in sections."

What's the wavin' the family razor and yelling:

"What's the white man hit Sam?"

What's the white man hit Sam?"

What's the white man hit Sam?"

He had a mouth that looked like whiskers, he was tellin' his little story. "We stood in the angle of the wall, sub.

That hit me all right, so we walked to content to bed.

We didn't stay there long. The door few open, and a big husky, with a grand the rebels come at us a boillin'. I should

"And, after that, Billy, he didn't seem to care so much what happened to him."

He goes up to the cubby-hole and says, "Boy, to drinks of whisky,

I don't know what got into that

person made answer to the good old

Kernel, and without a stutter at that? He says, "No, you didn't give me no \$5 bill. You give me a \$1 bill!"

And, just at that moment, his head come through the cubby-hole, and his kinky hair was in the kind, firm hand of the kernel. Soon as that

"Away Down South in Dixie" upon it. That culled gentleman kinder

splashed each time the kernel's fist

Then, all that had been ca'm, and

peaceful, and loyal Maryland, was changed. I heard respectable white

persons talk about damn niggers, and

I see a lot of dark folks comin' for-

gers, and they had muskets and am-

munition on them, and these darkies,

ward with knives and razors. These Loval Marylanders was sol-

to but he says:

Cap'n Hallowell. I reckon he was head come through the cubby-hole, cap'n of a prairie schooner, but I the kernel's other hand began to beat didn't ask no questions. Naturally, "Away Down South in Dixie" upon

changed.

them philersophical sort of fellers.

right."

"The boys will only think I'm loaded again," he says. "It'll be all

So we worked our way through the

crowd, enjoying the scenery, and, at the same time, keepin' an eye out for

get a little ballast. Nobody can ever

gentlemen and some culled folks, and the Su'thn gentlemen was pattin' the

at sea and it's best to be prepared. Well, sir, here was something inny. There was a lot of Su'thn

comin' down from the main cabin. It was most of the ship's company,

I went crow hoppin' around, Sioux

lights blazed, and the engine, she went 'round, and 'round, and 'round, and the beverages, they went down, and down,

and down; the yells, they went up, and

hotfootin' it in a minute.

wool of his. I can't understand him, Lumber Jacks' dance. You could yell but he says: "You ain't got no all you like, but there wasn't much

over again. Tis a turble shame that my old clothes I never see anything like nobody was there to take this down for a history, because. I bet you most people "No. cap'n." says I. "I reckon you never did. We fellers west of the Miscap'n and me heard that night.

Here, was a fell old seems to bein gay. Here is where I'd like to live

case, then this here feller, he was Bill Jones."

"And where was Bill headin' at"
I asked.
"New York way."
I winder swore to myself, thinkin' how near I had missed him, but the feller, he pleads for me to do a little feller, he pleads for me to do a little feller, he pleads for me to do a haked for his face against the cubby-hole, and he fells see the night boat to New York and he'll see me to the night boat in New York and he'll see me to the night boat to New York and he'll see me to the night boat to New York and he'll see me to the night boat in New York afternoon. So that's all right.

The show was called Antelope Ike's Grand Aggravation of Wild Western Spectacles, which was a good name, only them spectacles were smoked glasses. Part of my job was to stand by the tent and look as Wild West of the meaning of the wail. Show the same that show hat to keep a sort of incident occur-the head a mouth that looked like where a locomotive had run through a not the note of the wall. Show which was a spend to the tree belse come at us a boiling. The book where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall. Show where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall such that looked like where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall. Show where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall. Should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the cheef of the wall should be where a locomotive had run through the

voice came a funny little squeak—a little wizened-up old son-of-a-gun.

'The Kinnel ses to me. 'Willy, the matter is all in your hands. If you don't flek off them damn gunners the comunand is lost.' Now, the was fo men

Then an idee come, and hit me one on top of the head.

"Cap"n." I says, "them chairs along-side the engine-well are screwed fast to the floor. Let us crawl in under them where they can't get us out."

So we scrambled into our clothes again inand is lost.' Now, the was fo men with that mountain howitzer, and I had jes' exactly fo' rounds of ammunition. The range was two thousand yards and I couldn't miss a shot."

He kinder drew a smile.

T'don't s pose I could do it and they growled and barked and was a simile.

"I'don't s'pose I could do it again on a bet," he says. "But it was just plunk! I didn't pay no attention, but dove unplunk! plunk! One-two-three-fo' and I der them chairs and worked my way along, and the cap'n, he come right slong

At the end of these little stories I says after me. to the cap'n, "I feel a little weak, s'pose we take a stimmerlint."

man that told the last story.

"Scraggs," he says to me, "a-shootin' bumped my head forcin' my way under tour men with four rounds of amnumition, at two thorsand yards:" And he was goin' over to lick that man if I

The cap'n, he was giarth' at the little eager for amusement.

I knocked the skin off my elbows and bumped my head forcin' my way under them chairs. About halfway down I sees a feller comin' from the other direction.

The crowd all yells "Dog fight!" Some-

hadn't held on to him.

"Cap'n," I said to him, "don't let us indulge in violence aboard this craft, You know, my juty is to detect, overhaul, and apprehend one Bill Jones, for the crime of forgery—don't throw it up to me that I've forgot all about it up to this minute, because I'll have to admit it, if you do, of forsery—don't throw it up to me that I've forgot all about it up to this minute, because I'll have to admit it, if you do, and it ain't menly of you to force no gent that was approachin me, until we weren't even a yard apart. When I threw my peepers on him I rared back and walked on the cap'n face.

"What's the matter with you?" yells

Jones and I can't stand for you or me
to be fussed up."

So sayin', and takin' his little hand in
mine, I led the cap'n from the room.

Now, it just happened that the hig feller who stood in the angle of the wall
and beat the life out of the rebels with
a couple of their feller citizens, he was
a-standin' with one foot on a cheer a-retailin' even more unlikely language than
he had got rid of in the fust place. He
was turble excited over this here imagcrary history of hisu, and he lifted up
his hand, in his excitement.

This hand took me in the left eye. Before I had time to think, that cussed
right fist of mine took him in the back
of the neck, and he went through his
audience like a sack of old clothes kicked by a mule.

audience like a sack of old clothes kicked by a mule.

"Huh" says the cap'n. "I likes to see a man live up to his preachin."

But I covered quick.

"Genilemen." says I to them that wasn't pickin' the warrior up. "you must excuse me, but I was in this same war you're all a-talkin' about, and I got a shot alonsside the head—that trefuscated the optike nerve. The moment anything touches this left lamp of mine my fist shoots out kinder spontaneous. You know." I says to 'em, waving my hands in the large style that was the fashion of the evening, "how funny them bullet wounds will affect an old solger."

And they all accepted my apology, and and carried on agin all law and order.

regiment I was in, and told me it was a thing that could not be helped, and that Sam Slocum was no good anyhow. More'n that, they took us forcible to

Mere'n that, they took us fortill the bar and shoved liquid drinks into us.

The can'n went upstairs with me.

Yes, I am Zeke Scraggs, too," says

The cap'n west upstairs with me, a-laughin to himself.

"Well." he saye, "Zeke, you're a sorter cheerful and entertainin' liar."

"Some of it's true," I says, "I was in that durn War."

that durn War.

"The bell you say, Zeke!" says he. "So
was I. myself."

"Did you do any fightin'?" I says.

"Oh, here and there we jumped around
a bit." says the cnp'n. "How about you?"

"I had to go hungry oncet in a while."
says I. "What did you think of the
whole business"
"Tiresome." says the cap'n. "I don't
want no more war."
"Me neither," says I. "The next war Injun war dance style, and the cap'n, he clim on top a table and did the Lumber Jacks' dance. You could yell

That Kernel grabbed a hold of the counter for support. He was that surprised, he stuttered. Soon as he thousand less to stomp and kick with.

If there was one man on that boat find that Bill Jones, but just now it's thousand less to stomp and kick with. counter for support. He was that surprised, he stuttered. Soon as he could get the words through his thousand legs to stomp and kick with, and five thousand throats, either to yell and five thousand throats, either to yell If there was one man on that boat there was five thousand. That made ten thousand legs to stemp and kick with. River Bad Lands. swellin' throat, he says, "What'—
wha'—whady'er mean? I gave you a

\$5 bill!"

And what you suppose that culled

and five thousand throats, either to yet
or to take something out of a bottle, and
after they took something out of a bottle
their throats were all the clearer for
that, and they could yell the harder. There was a feller

hands. They looked as if they was playin something, and their checks was all bulged out, but you couldn't hear 'em. The funny little hot wire electric

of the stair.

But that wasn't no special good. You could see a man in that crowd all right, but the next thing was to get him.

The cap'n hopped up and down with up, and up: the feet, they did every durn thing that feet could, and old Sister "Can you Joy, she just got right on her tippytoes and squealed like a pig in a gate."

And bumb

"Can you see him. Zeke?" he kept a-sayin'. "Can you see him now?" And bumbye, I had to say, "No, I can't see him any more," for the crowd had sorter ate Bill Jones up. Having lost Bill Jones didn't mean that There weren't many women passengers on board, and them few gathered themselves into still less staterooms and locked the doors, and shoved the furni-ture up against them.

we should be all cast down and melan-choly about it, and when I looked around and seen the band I couldn't be melan-choly if I tried.

Seems like the hand had thought to go Bumby, we had a very complexed choly if I tried.

Seems like the hand had thought to go flew sideways down the cabin, then to bed at twelve o'clock. This, the gang squared around at the top of the stair- of Loyal Marylanders took as a wrong

case and went down in sections, three steps to the hop, and then somebody slipped, and reil. ful desertion, and they hauled that band out by its hind legs and in its night shirt, and they perched 'em on their little atools oncet more and told 'em to play—to play

"No, cap'n," says I. "I recken you never did. We fellers west of the Missouri is just amateurs when it comes to bein' gay. Here is where I'd like to live and have my being from this on."

o the cap'n, "I feel a little weak, s'pose take a stimmerlint."

The cap'n, he was glarin' at the little tan that told the last story.

The cap'n, he would happen next, bein' eager for amusement.

I knocked the skin off my elbows and

And they all accepted my apology, and order.

Shook hands with me, and asked me what But I paid no 'tention. I reached, and

grabbed Billy by the shirt collar, and fetched out my warrant from my pocket. When I got hold of Bill, he hollers: "You ain't Zeke Scraggs? You just

"You sin't done nothin' to me r nothin special to anybody else," says I. "but I got to arrest you to uphold the indignation of the law."

With that, I showed him my warrant, I thought them Marylanders would have a fit. You never heard such a scheechin' and a laughin' in all your life! It was kinder funny way to arrest a man

"Haul them out" says the big feller.
This here indignation of the law has
got to be upheld as high as we can
hold 'er" So, helped by a few kindly hands. Billy ones and me, and the cap'n come out om under them chairs, and somebody ent and got a holt of that forsaken and in its night-shirt, and the band.

and five thousand throats, either to yell or to take something out of a bottle, and after they took something out of a bottle, and they took something with hide and hair they both bust out a-cryin', they was so glind to see something with hide and hair from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat, and they tore down a lot of chains from the curtains of that boat. "You're sure Bill Jones is on this boat." I said.

"You're sure Bill Jones is on this boat." I said.

"Well." says the cap'n, "he told me he was goin' to be and..."

"There he is now!" I yells. "Come on, fell in line, and poor Bill Jones, thinkin' he was goin' to be shot into hamburger of the stair. give me a musket, and the whole bunch fell in line, and poor Bill Jones, thinkin' he was gein' to be abot into hamburger steak, fell in behind the band, and we marched upstairs and downstairs, and around and about, and they held court in the barroom, and they sentenced poor Bill to drink one pint of whisky without takin' it away from his mouth; and, after that, Billy, he didn't seem to car so much what happened to him. And they also made the cap'n and me take a pint of whisky at one drink as a reward of merit, and after that we didn't care so much what happened to Bill. I ain't got the faintest recollection of what happened to that boat from thea on. Judgin' from the looks in the morning somebody must have been excited. But always I can remember that pro-cession—that sad band in its night-shirts, all wet with seltzer water, playin' the Dead March from Saul, with poor old

Bill-Jones loaded down with chains, and that bunch of triple-X, double-weited, hand-sewed, copper-riveted, chin-whis-kered scoundrels a-chasin us around and hollerin'. What happened to Bill? Why, he was What happened to Bill? Why, he was tried all right, but the jury couldn't agree. Three stood for manslaughter, three for arson, and the rest of 'em voted "Not Guilty."

You bet, John George Hazelton wished he had never started that fuss, and as for me, I'm through with detectin'.

It's inst as was was taken."

It's just as we was talkin; as soon

